Ro. Farewell.
I will omit no oportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings loue to thee.
Iu. O thinkest thou we shall euer meete againe?
Ro. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Iu. O God I haue an ill diuining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou lookest pale.
Rom. And trust me loue, in my eye so doe you:
Dry sorrow drinkes our bloud. Adue, adue.

Exit.

Iu. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowm'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you vp?
Iu. Who is't that cals? it is my Lady Mother.
Is she not downe so late or vp so early?
What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hether?
La. Why, how now *Iuliet*.
Iu. Madam, I am not well.
La. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him liue:
Therefore haue done, some griefe shewes much of loue,
But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit.
Iu. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse,
La. So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.
Iu. Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but euer weepe the friend.
La. Well Girle, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the Villaine liues which slaughtered him.

Iu. What Villaine Madam?
La. That same Villaine *Romeo*.
Iu. Villaine, and he be many miles a sunder:
God pardon him, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.
La. That is because the Traytor liues.
Iu. I Madam, from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozius death.
La. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,
Where that same banisht Runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him such an accustom'd dram,
That he shall soone keepe *Tibalt* companie:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.
Iu. Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart, so for a Kinsman vext:
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it:
That *Romeo* should vpon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him nam'd and cannot come to him.
To wreake the loue I bore my Cozin,
Vpon his body that hath slaughtere dhim.
Mo. Find thou the meanes, and ile find such a man,
But now ile tell thee ioyfull tiding Girle.
Iu. And ioy comes well in such a needy time,
What are they, I beseech your Ladiship?
Mo. Well, well, thou hast a carefull father childe.
One who to put thee from thy heauinesse,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.
Iu. Madam in happie time, what day is that?
Mo. Marrie my childe, early next Thursday morne.
The gallant, yong, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happly make thee there a ioyfull Bride.